

# The Watchman.

"I HAVE SET WATCHMEN UPON THY WALLS O! JERUSALEM THAT SHALL NEVER HOLD THEIR PEACE, DAY NOR NIGHT."

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## Poetry.

### NEVER GIVE UP!

Never give up! it is wiser and better  
Always to hope than once to despair;  
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,  
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care.  
Never give up! or the butthen may sink you:  
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;  
And, in all trials o' troubles, bethink you,  
The watchword of life must be, "Never give up!"

Never give up! there are chances and changes  
Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one;  
And through the chaos, high Wisdom arranges  
Ever success—i' you'll only hope on.  
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;  
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,  
Is the true watchword of "Never give up!"

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,  
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;  
Stand like a rock—and the flash, or the battle,  
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.  
Never give up! though adversity presses;  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;  
And the best counsel, in all our distresses,  
Is the stout watchword of "Never give up!"

## Miscellany.

### Uncle Ben's New Year's Gift;

OR

WHAT A NEWSPAPER CAN DO.

Continued from page 337.

"At a loss of twenty-one dollars. Seventy-one dollars loss on your wheat and corn crops in a single year. I don't much wonder Peter, that you can't get along, if you let other people swindle you in this way. It requires two things to make a successful farmer. Intelligence in agricultural matters sufficient to make the ground produce freely, and that knowledge in regard to the state of the produce market necessary to ensure sales at the best prices. You are a hard working man, Peter; but, to ensure success, something beyond hard work is needed. The head must guide the hands. And in order to do this, the head must be properly enlightened."

Uncle Ben inquired still further and more minutely into Peter's affairs, and the results confirmed his first impression. There was industry but it was not enlightened industry.

"Do you take an agricultural paper?" he asked during the conversation.

"No," said Peter, with some emphasis. "I don't believe in book farming. I've seen too many men ruin themselves by new experiments. I was brought up by one of the best practical farmers in the State, and know my business thoroughly. There's only one right way to till the ground, and I flatter myself that I understand that way."

Uncle Benjamin Hicks tried to show Peter that he was in error here; but this was a subject on which Peter grew warm at once, and thus closed the avenues of his mind to all appeals of reason.

On the next day, Peter Miller was absent on business which called him to a neighbouring town, and the old gentleman spent most of the time in the house with his niece, asking questions, giving advice, and minutely observing every thing that passed around him. There was but little real comfort in the dwelling, and little cultivation in the children.

Ellen, the oldest, was a coarse hard-working girl, who had been to school long enough to read and to fill a few pages of blank pages of blank paper with pot hooks and hinges. Beyond this her mind was uneducated in all that pertained to book knowledge. Coarse and rough as she was, however, there were about her certain elements of womanly beauty in the first efforts of development, that Uncle Ben perceived, and which awoke for her, in his mind a feeling of both interest and concern.

"You're working Ellen too hard," said the old gentleman to his niece, as the girl passed through the room where they were sitting, carrying a large kettle of boiling water which she had just heated for washing."

"I know it," replied Mrs. Miller; "I think of it every day. Ellen ought to be going to school. But I can't spare her. If we could afford help, it would be different. It makes my heart ache, Uncle Ben, whenever I think of the way our children are growing up."

"All had—very bad," said Uncle Ben, shaking his head, and looking grave. "There's something wrong. Depend upon it, Ellen, there's something wrong. You're all industrious

enough, all, in fact, overworked, and yet there is no thrift, no cheerfulness, no comfort."

Hannah acknowledged, with tears in her eyes, the truth of the picture. But she knew no remedy, and saw nothing but trouble ahead.

"If we go on as we have been going," said she, "we'll lose our farm in two or three years; and then what is to become of us all? I feel utterly discouraged."

"I see no bones about," said Uncle Ben sometime afterwards. "Don't Ellen and Henry spend some of their time in reading?"

"There's the Bible and some old religious books up stairs," replied Hannah. "But the children don't care about them. Henry borrowed the Arabian Nights and Robinson Crusoe from some of our neighbours' children and he and Ellen got so interested in them, that they couldn't do any thing else. Henry would leave his work in the field and hide away among the bushes to read, and Ellen would neglect every thing for the same purpose. Their father got so angry about it, that he positively forbade their bringing any more books into the house."

"Is it possible! You take a newspaper?"

"No. We can't afford to spend money in that way. We have nothing to spare for useless things. And, besides, Peter has no time to read. When night comes, he is so worn down with work that he is glad to get to bed."

"No newspaper! Why Hannah! You had much better all go without a meal once a week than not have a newspaper. I don't wonder—"

Uncle Ben, checked himself and became more thoughtful than before.

On the next day he asked Peter why didn't he take a paper.

"No time to read; and, besides, I can't afford the expense," replied Peter.

"A couple of dollars a year would meet that."

"I must pay my debts, Uncle Ben, before I think about indulging in newspapers," returned Peter.

"You'd find a paper a great saving, even if it cost ten dollars a year," remarked the old gentleman.

Peter did not in the least comprehend the meaning of this declaration. But, as he did not ask for any explanation, none was given.

"You're a hard-working man, Peter," said Benjamin Hicks, after two or three days had been spent in the family of his nephew and niece—a hard-working man. I'll give you credit for that. But from all I have seen and heard since I've been here, Peter, I must say, that you are not a good farmer!"

"You're the first man who ever said that!" quickly replied Peter, the blood springing to his face.

"That may be," returned Uncle Ben. "Still, it does not gainsay my words. You are not a good farmer, Peter, and your want of thrift shows it."

"I wish you would explain yourself, Uncle Ben," said Peter, both his voice and countenance showing that the remark hurt him a good deal. "No man in the neighbourhood would like to say so much."

"A good farmer, with one hundred acres of land like yours must get along. You don't get along, and therefore I say, you are not a good farmer."

Now Peter was rather quick tempered, and this assertion of the old man's chafed him in a tender place. He tried to control his feelings, but the effort was not fully successful.

"Uncle Ben," said he, in a sharp, angry voice, while his face grew still redder, "I won't let any body talk to me after this fashion. I'm sorry you came, if it was only to insult me in my troubles."

"Oh Peter!" exclaimed Hannah, in tones of distress, "don't speak so to Uncle Ben!"

"Peter—Peter," said Uncle Ben, soothingly; "you don't understand me."

"Yes, I do understand you!" replied the excited Peter. "I've got ears and common sense. You say I'm no farmer, and that's—"

"Stop, stop, Peter. I don't say you were no farmer. I only said you were not a good farmer. And, if you will hear me patiently, I'll prove to you—"

"I'll hear nothing more on the subject, Uncle Ben," sharply retorted Peter. "Not a word more! When a man says I'm no farmer I feel insulted. He might as well say that I'm not a man!"

"Peter, Peter! don't act so!" said poor Hannah, whose eyes were filling with tears. From the hour of Uncle Ben's arrival, she had suffered the hope which then sprang up in her heart, that he would help them in their troubles, to grow stronger and stronger. The many enquiries he made and the interest he manifested in

every member of the family, satisfied her that a purpose to aid them was in his mind. Now her husband seemed to be in a fair way to mar all by his untimely anger.

"Come, come, Peter!" spoke up the old gentleman, with some authority in his manner. "this is all nonsense. What I say is for your own good—Can't you understand that, you silly fellow?"

"I don't wish to talk any more on the subject, Uncle Ben," replied Peter; "so change it, if you please."

This was said in a way that Uncle Ben did not by any means like; so, tossing his head with affected indifference, he answered:

"Oh, very well! very well! Just as you like."

Then came a long silence, which was finally broken by sobs from Hannah, who, after having tried for some time, but in vain to control her feelings, burst into a fit of crying.

Neither husband nor uncle said anything to soothe her distress.

In a little while she arose and left the room, and, in a few minutes afterwards, the two men separated.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE HAND OF GOD IN RECENT EVENTS.

BY THE REV. P. J. WRIGHT.

Continued from Page 337.

Jehovah is a jealous God. He will not allow his glory to be given to another, to be transferred to a graven image. He will pour out his fury on idolators, and the idols he will utterly abolish. If God is thus jealous of the transfer of his glory, can we suppose that he regards the attempts of infidels to extinguish his glory with indifference? Ah, no. His eyes observe the impiety, and his hand is uplifted to punish it. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork," and shall multitudes of human beings pronounce the testimony of the Holy Spirit a lie, and blasphemously assert that the glory of the Creator is not made known by the brilliant worlds that roll in space, without exposing themselves to the displeasure of the living God? Impossible—His indignation must, it has been excited thereby, and the judgments he has inflicted loudly proclaim; "The ugly men will not see, they shall see and understand that there is a God, and that he ruleth over all the earth."

Another reason is bloodshed. Precious in the sight of God is the life of man. He has fenced it round in a remarkable manner, in order to preserve it. He has declared that the unlawful destruction of human life involves the forfeiture of the life of the murderer.—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man." "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Austria had taken the sword, and slaughtered tens of thousands of human beings, on the plains of Poland and the fields of Italy. France had taken the sword, and slaughtered the sheep of Christ in that distant isle of the sea—lovely Tahiti, and the defenceless Arabs in sultry Algeria. What had France to do at Tahiti, taking away the lives of the Protestants, and in Algeria destroying its inhabitants? The blood of the numerous victims slain by Austria and France has cried from the earth to heaven for vengeance. The cry has been heard and a response has been given. The righteous Governor of the world, who declares, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," has made inquisition for blood, unsheathed his glittering sword, and smitten the guilty kingdoms with terrible strokes of retribution.

Another reason is immorality. The manifestations of immoral conduct among the people, have been manifold and grievous. The multitude have given themselves to work wickedness earnestly with both hands. Jehovah commands men to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. In England, millions have spent the Sabbath in lounging at home, or in visits of friendships, or in excursions of pleasure; in eating, drinking, smoking, reading the newspaper, conversing about politics, and following the devices and desires of their evil hearts. On the Continent, the profanation of the Sabbath has been still more daring and repulsive. Worldly business, political meetings, and public amusements, have occupied the time, the thoughts, and the activities of all classes of society. At one place an intelligent Christian lady from England entered, on the Sabbath, what she supposed to be a place of worship, when to her astonishment and horror she found herself in a theatre, and that the subject of scenic representation was no other than the crucifixion of our

Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! "The grace of God, which bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that denying all ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." Have men obeyed the gospel? Ah, no. Both in our own land and on the Continent, they have rebelled against the truth, and resisted the Holy Spirit. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life have been their idols; and after these idols they have gone with eagerness and perseverance. Lying, swearing, gluttony, drunkenness, dishonesty, adultery, fornication, dancing, horseracing, gambling, robbery, murder, and all other kinds of iniquity, have been practised amidst the gloom of night and the broad light of day, with unblushing brow and reckless audacity. Knowing these things, can we marvel that the jealous and holy God who hateth iniquity, has sent the sword and pestilence among the nations to chastise them for their sins? Ought we not rather to marvel, that the earth, weary to be ungodly millions, has not opened and swallowed them up; or that a flood of fire has not come down from the skies to consume them from the land of the living?

Amos rebukes the Jews for not learning righteousness from the judgments of Jehovah. He represents Jehovah as saying to the Jews, "I have given you cleanness in all your cities, and want of bread in all your places, yet have ye not returned unto me. I have smitten you with blasting and mildew, yet have ye not returned unto me. I have slain your young men with the sword, and I have made the stink of your camps to come up, yet have ye not returned unto me. I have sent among you the pestilence after the manner of Egypt, yet have ye not returned unto me." He then represents Jehovah as proclaiming this awful warning and challenge: "Therefore, thus will I do unto thee, O Israel; and because I will do this unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel!" Happy would be the inhabitants of England, and the dwellers in other countries of Europe, were they to ponder the rebuke, warning, and challenge given to the Jews, in the light of recent events, and the bearing thereof on themselves, so as to be led to stand in awe before God, and sin not; to repent of their infidelity, violence, and immoral conduct; believe in the Lord Jesus Christ have their fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.—*Methodist N. Connection Magazine*,

## THE PHENOMENA OF THE BRAIN.

One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is, that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain; yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads to it from the injured part be divided, we become instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced; yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut away down to the *corpus callosum*, without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all those functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but it has no longer a mind; it cannot think or feel. It requires that the food should be pushed into its stomach once there, it is digested; and the animal will even thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain called the convolutions is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of the low degree called instinct, or of that exalted kind bestowed on man the gift of reason.

## THE BIBLE.

The American Colonists brought with them from the old world a full portion of all the riches of the past, in science, in art, in morals, religion and literature. The Bible came with them.—And it is not to be doubted, that to the free and universal use of the Bible in that age men were much indebted for right views of civil liberty. The Bible is a book of faith and a book of doctrine; but it is also a book which teaches man his individual responsibility; his own dignity and equality with his fellow-men.—*Bunker Hill Address*.

## CURE FOR STAMERING.

"Stamering," Dr. Turner says, "is caused by attempts to speak with empty lungs. In singing the lungs are kept well inflated, and there is no stammering. The method of cure is to require the patient to keep his lungs well filled, to draw frequent long breaths, to speak loud and to pause on the instant of finding embarrassment in his speech, taking a long inspiration before they go on again. I cured one of the worst cases I ever knew on this principle."